

845C73  
OLE  
190-

# SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

## THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA

A Comedietta in One Act

By

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

NUMBER

363

PUBLISHED BY  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
CHARLES H SERGEL PRES.







THE  
VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA.

A COMEDIETTA,  
IN ONE ACT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF  
FRANÇOIS COPPEÉ.

*First performed at the Comédie Française, Paris, May 23, 1876.*

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-  
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORM-  
ERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE  
BUSINESS.

---

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

---

Copyright, 1892, by R. H. RUSSELL & SON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Comédie Française,  
Paris. May 23, 1876.*

*Olympic Theatre,  
London, July 14, '77.*

TADEO FARRARI, the violin maker..... M. THISON.

Mr. W. J. HILL.

FILIPPO, his pupil.....M. COQUELIN.

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.

SANDRO, his pupil ..... M. LAROCHE.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

GIANNINA, his daughter.....Mlle. BARRETTA.

Miss GERARD.

Pages, citizens, violin makers.

The scene is laid in Cremona, about the year 1750.

TIME IN PLAYING—THIRTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.

Interior in 3d grooves.

Street backing.

Door

B

A

\*Chair.

Door.

Table.

\*Arm-chair.

Door.

The violin maker's workshop and sales-room; high wainseoted wall, hung with musical instruments, portraits of old musicians, etc. Doors R. and L.; glass door c. in F; street flat for backing; A, counter with musical instruments on it; arm-chair and table R. C.; B, desk; tools and uncompleted violins laying about on shelves and table.

### COSTUMES.

FERRARI.—First dress: Brown coat, dark waistcoat, black breeches, brown stockings, cocked hat, unpowdered wig. Second dress: Powdered wig, gold-headed cane, sky-blue coat, laced waistcoat, dark breeches, buckled shoes.

**FILIPPO.** A hunchback.—Three-cornered hat, buckled shoes, brown coat, light waistcoat, ruffled shirt.

SANDRO.—Gay attire: gilt buttons, light hair, lace ruffles and cuffs.

GIANNINA.—White holiday attire: Roman sash, buckled shoes, hair in ribbons.

Pages, citizens, bannermen and violin makers, in holiday attire and decorated with rosettes and favors.



845C79  
OLE  
190-

# REMOTE STORAGE

THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA.

3

## PROPERTIES.

Two violins, one in a red and one in a black case; wine basket with bottles in it; vase; napkin; gold chain on cushion; rosettes; ribbons; banner; flowers; prayer book.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

~~as~~ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage, facing the audience.

## SYNOPSIS.

Coppée's charming poem, "Le Luthier de Crémone," was first produced at the Théâtre Français, May 23d, 1876, Coquelin creating the part of Filippo, the hunchback lover. Since that time it has been done into English; and various versions, both in prose and verse, have been produced in London by Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. E. S. Willard, and other.

It is a simple story, but affords opportunity for sounding a most delicate note of pathos in the character of FILIPPO, which Coquelin acted so inimitably. TADDO FERRARI, the master violin maker of Cremona, has promised the hand of his daughter to the apprentice who shall win the gold chain offered by the Podesta to the one who shall make the best violin. FILIPPO, the hunchback, and SANDRO, both pupils of FERRARI, and both in love with his daughter, GIANNINA, are striving for the prize. The day on which the award is to be made has arrived, and the violins are finished. FILIPPO has not dared to tell GIANNINA that he is competing for the prize, but hopes in winning it to gain her love. GIANNINA loves SANDRO, and questions him as to the chance of his victory in the contest. SANDRO has heard FILIPPO trying the tone of his instrument, and tells GIANNINA that if he is defeated it will be by the hunchback.

GIANNINA reproaches FILIPPO for his failure to confide in her, and tells him that she loves SANDRO. The poor cripple, realizing that he cannot win GIANNINA's love, generously resolves to insure his rival's victory by substituting his violin for SANDRO's, as they are lying side by side. When he has done this, SANDRO comes in to take his violin before the judges. FILIPPO asks him to carry his instrument to the competition. SANDRO agrees, but, seized with jealousy and fear of his rival's success, changes the instruments in their cases before presenting them to the judges. Overcome with remorse, he returns to FILIPPO and confesses his treachery. FILIPPO tells him that he has sacrificed his certainty of success, in so doing, as he himself had previously changed the violins. Shouts are heard proclaiming FILIPPO the victor, and the pages enter bearing the gold chain. FILIPPO puts it about GIANNINA's neck and places her hand in SANDRO's, relinquishing his claim to her, and taking his violin which alone can console him for his self-sacrifice.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2015



## THE VIOLIN MAKER OF CREMONA.

---

SCENE.—*Interior of the shop of FERRARI, the Violin Maker. Curtain rises discovering MASTER FERRARI and GIANNINA; he is seated in an arm-chair, and is slightly intoxicated.*

FERRARI. No, Giannina, I have given the word of an honest man; and as sure as my name is Tadeo Ferrari, Master of the Violin Makers of Cremona, I am going to keep it.

GIANNINA (*pleadingly*). But, dear father—

FER. It is of no use to talk; would you have me disgrace our trade by breaking my promise—I, its leader and manager, and bearer of the banner in our procession? No; when the contest is decided you shall be married, as I have said.

GIAN. Do you not consider me in the matter at all?

FER. Consider you! It is a great honor for you. Our old Podesta—peace to his soul!—wishing to make our instruments still more famous in the future, has left his gold chain to the apprentice in our city who will make the best violin; and I, a simple artisan, inspired by this fine example, have pledged my daughter and my house to the winner of the prize. Will you not consider it an honor to have for a husband the finest young violin maker of Cremona?

GIAN. But, father, I have told you there is some one I care for.

FER. Oh, Sandro? Well, he has the same chance as the others, and if he is not successful you must forget him.

GIAN. Ah! it is easy to say forget him; but suppose the winner is some scamp, unworthy of me?

FER. A skillful workman is always an honest man.

GIAN. Some lazy fellow, with no care for the future?

FER. As he can command the highest wages, he can afford to be lazy at times.

GIAN. A brute who would beat his wife. You know there are such.

FER. If he has not peace at home, I for one would not blame him.

GIAN. A drunkard perhaps—one who would be drunk on Sundays.

FER. Well, my daughter, even I am sometimes cheerful on Sunday. Besides, a good musician does not need to be sober.

GIAN. Suppose he should refuse to take me?

FER. By Saint Cecelia, the scamp would be hard to please. Such a chance as this is not to be had every day. Two thousand crowns dower with a girl like you, Giannina, besides my business—mine, the beloved pupil of Stradavarius. Nonsense! Don't worry me any more about it. I am getting old and need a successor, and whoever the winner may be he shall have my house and my daughter.

GIAN. But should it chance to be—

FER. (*interrupting*). Enough of these objections.

GIAN. If the winner—it makes me laugh to even think of it,—if it should be your apprentice, Filippo?

FER. I should not be at all surprised to see him win; and if he brings me the golden chain you shall marry him.

GIAN. Marry Filippo!

FER. Why not?

GIAN. A hunchback?

FER. Do you think I cannot see that? But were he twice so, with two humps like a camel—as I own he has appeared to me at times—you should marry him all the same.

GIAN. (*softly to herself*). May our good Lady protect me!

FER. Is he not one of the best of boys? If he is not handsome he is a great artist. You know I am a severe critic, but the day he took part in our little concert, while I sat listening and looking into my glass of old Astri—you remember the gold seal—he made the strings moan beneath his bow, and in his playing put such grief and joy that I felt two big tears come; I tried to stop them, but down they rolled; and that was the only time I was ever foolish enough to water my wine.

GIAN. I respect him, as you do, father; I pity him, and have done my best to help him forget his misery ever since he came to our door that winter's day begging his bread;—but how could I love him?

FER. Come, come, come! If that is your only objection let us stop talking, and I will go and get some wine worthy of this great day.

GIAN. Let me go for you, the stairs are steep.

FER. No, no, I can manage them all right going down; they are never steep and crooked until I come up. Next to drinking, give me the pleasure of choosing the wine.

[*Exit, L. D.*]

(GIANNINA, *left alone a moment, sighs despondently, and sinks into a chair.*)

*Enter SANDRO, L., carrying violin in a black wooden case, which he places on counter.*

SANDRO. Alone, Giannina?

GIAN. Sandro! (*going to him.*)

SAND. Have you good news for me; or does the master still keep to his resolve?

GIAN. More firmly than ever. He is determined that I shall marry the prize winner, whoever he may be?

SAND. He is cruel! Did you tell him how much you loved me?

GIAN. (*shyly*). I told him that I loved you, but not how much; that I can only tell to you. (*extends her hands to SANDRO, who embraces her; she releases herself, walks over to the counter and points to violin*) Is it finished?

SAND. Can you ask? Does not my only hope depend on it? And to think that to day in a public contest the happiness or misery of my life is to be decided.

GIAN. Are you satisfied with your work?

SAND. That depends. I have made it by every rule of our art, choosing the wood and varnish with the greatest care; it is an instrument worthy a master, and yet—

GIAN. (*interrupting him*). And yet—why do you doubt? You will win the prize—you must win it! My father is the best artist in Cremona, and it is from him that you have learned; what other master's pupil need you fear?

SAND. None.

GIAN. Well, then?

SAND. I have a rival in our own workshop.

GIAN. Filippo? Are you sure he will try for the prize?

SAND. Yes; I heard him yesterday telling your father that he would, the little viper. Cursed be the day you took compassion on him! He thinks you are free, and hopes to win you.

GIAN. No, no, Sandro; you wrong the boy. He only wants the gold chain and the title of master; he does not want me.

SAND. I am not so sure of that, but I am sure he will win. O my darling, I have never suffered so in my life; I am tortured with jealousy.

GIAN. You jealous, Sandro? You foolish boy!

SAND. Yes, I am; for I know his work, and it fills me with envy; and soon they will all know it as I do. Listen: The other night I was at my window, and under the quiet of the summer skies I thought of you. In the fragrant darkness of the garden a nightingale was singing, and its clear notes mounted in ecstasy to the stars. All at once I heard another song as touching as divine as that of the bird. Breathless I listened, and presently within the shadow I saw the figure of the hunchback, all alone. His violin, arched by the bow that trembled in his hand, poured forth its music sweet as the voice of Philomèle expressing love and grief commingled. The plaintive instrument and the loving bird, in turn, breathed to the night their trills of crystal, till I, enthralled by this harmonious strife, no longer knew which was the violin and which the bird, so did their sweet notes blend in winging flight.

GIAN. Does the success of a rival make you jealous?

SAND. I know it is a feeling unworthy an artist, but oh! if he should be the victor.

GIAN. His victory will not change my love for you; whatever comes, I promise to be yours.

SAND. (*embracing her*). You are the dearest girl in the world. (*noise and shouts heard without*).

GIAN. What is that noise?

FILIPPO *dashes in, c. d., closing door violently after him; he is breathless and disordered.*

FILIPPO. The little devils!—they had almost caught me!

GIAN. What is it, Filippo?—who were they?

FIL. Some little blackguards, armed with stones and glass.

GIAN. Why, you are hurt! (*to SANDRO*) Some water, quick!

FIL. It is nothing.

SAND. (*bringing water*). Tell us how it happened.

FIL. It is really nothing. I met a pack of those good-for-nothing boys just now, pelting an old, half-blind dog with stones. I could not bear to see them tormenting him, so I pushed my way into the crowd, telling them to have some pity;—they turned on me furiously. Ah, then they thought no more of the beast; now they were hunting the hunchback; it was much more amusing. I fled down one alley and up another. I don't doubt they would have finished me if they had caught me; but now I am here. I am glad the poor dog got the chance to escape.

GIAN. (*bathing his forehead*). Poor boy!

FIL. (*looking up gratefully*). Thanks, thanks! You are very kind.

GIAN. Is that better?

FIL. Yes, indeed; the pain is quite gone. (*GIANNINA stops bathing his forehead; he looks lovingly at her and kisses her hand.*)

SAND. (*aside*). He loves her! I was not mistaken.

*Enter FERRARI, L. D., a little more intoxicated, carrying a basket with bottles in it.*

FER. Don't understand it at all. For twenty years they have been so, red seals at the right, green seals at the left; now why should they be changed? I don't reproach them, I don't reproach anybody, but I don't understand it at all.

GIAN. Father!

FER. You still here, daughter? Come, help me to dress. I must look my finest, for when the last bow is scraped, we will have a dinner that the guild will be proud of. [*Exit, R. D., followed by GIANNINA.*]

SAND. The decisive moment will soon be here, Fillippo.

FIL. Yes, comrade.

SAND. Is your violin ready?

FIL. Yes.

SAND. Are you satisfied with it?

FIL. Yes, entirely. And you?

SAND. Not altogether.

FIL. I am sorry; for if I fail, your success would make it easier. Give me your hand, comrade.

SAND. No!

[*Passes brusquely by him and exit, C. D.*]

FIL. Jealous! That is the trouble; but he suffers—I must not blame him. No, that cannot be it. What folly to think that with all his strength and beauty he should begrudge me success in this. It would be well though to be friends, although we are rivals. He does not know yet how lonely I am, and how I long for sympathy. But my beautiful violin, you console me for all. Poor instrument, I am like you, bent and crooked, a sensitive soul in an unshapely case. (*goes and gets violin, which is in red case, from behind the counter, laying it on the table*) Come, let me see you once again, (*opens violin case and leans over it*) dear one, for whom I, weak and tired, have had the courage to work so many days and nights. Soon from the depths of your soul you must send forth the *scherzo* that laughs, the song that weeps; the world must hear the sublime tones that sleep in your heart. I want to see you, to touch you again; I will not wake your sweet notes; I only want to see myself mirrored in your golden wood once more—for the last time. (*takes violin out of case*) Good-bye, my friend; we must part for your glory and mine. But, comrade, whatever your life, bohemian or noble, whether you make the peasant dance, or thrill to the touch of a master in the great world, do not forget me. Have I not given you your exquisite voice?—I, the hunchback, who have breathed into you my soul. (*puts violin back in case*) I am a child; I deceive myself, poor fool. It is not the desire for glory alone that has given me strength for the task, it is Giannina, she who alone has pitied me in this hard world. When I wandered, a little vagabond, to her father's door, she only did not laugh at me. No; she cannot be offended at this love that I have hidden from my childhood; nor at my wish to be famous that she might love me. If I win I will not insist upon the fulfillment of her father's vow; but, perhaps—who knows—her heart is still free, and when I give her the golden chain, and she feels that the flame of genius has flashed from this frail body for love of her, perhaps, as she is the child of an



artist, she will think of my talent and forget the rest, and there will be so many reasons that—Oh! this dream will kill me.

*Enter GIANNINA, C. D.*

GIAN. (*aside*). He is alone; perhaps I can find out if there is any hope for Sandro. (*aloud*) Filippo!

FIL. (*starting from his reverie*). Giannina!

GIAN. You deserve to be scolded. To think that you have not told me, and that I alone was kept in ignorance——

FIL. (*interrupting*). Told you what, Giannina?

GIAN. That you were trying for the prize.

FIL. Ah! Giannina, you would have been the first to hear it from me had it not been for your father's pledge. Forgive me, Giannina, if I have not dared to.

GIAN. O put that part of it aside; my dear old father really loves me too much to leave my happiness to chance, but every one has a right to hope for the chain, and you most of all, if what I hear is true.

FIL. And what have you heard?

GIAN. That your violin is a masterpiece, and that you will certainly win.

FIL. I have done my best; but who will care for my failure or my success?

GIAN. Who? Are we not all your friends?

FIL. Pardon me; I am over sensitive sometimes, and it makes me suspicious. You have always been my friend, and I am an ingrate. I know you will be glad when I tell you I am almost sure of success. Of course when I began my work I was careful in choosing the wood—old fir for the body, maple for the neck—and took the greatest pains in making it; but all that is nothing—other violins may be as good in that way;—but the master stroke was when I discovered one night while I was at work the lost secret of that wonderful old varnish——

GIAN. What! the famous varnish of the old masters?

FIL. (*excitedly*). Yes, I have found it; and to-morrow I can be a generous rival, and give the secret to them all. I am sure of it; I have compared my violin with a famous old Armadi, and it has the same tone—can you believe it?—the same. Is it not wonderful that from these bits of wood I can bring out a note that will fill a cathedral?

GIAN. (*aside*). Poor Sandro! (*sits in arm-chair, resting her head on her hand.*)

FIL. Since that night I have hidden my happiness like a lover. My life has been full of joy. Every morning before it is yet day I take my violin and pass through the sleeping city into the open country. There, resting myself on the slope of a hill, I wait and dream for the sublime hour when the sun shall rise. At last, when the horizon begins to quiver with light, when the soft rustling about me speaks of the great awakening of nature, when the grass trembles and the woods murmur and the twittering of birds comes from the thicket, rapturously I take my violin and play. Ah! do you understand, it is the recompense for all my pain. I play madly, accompanying the glorious harmonies of the breaking day; the long sigh of the wind through the leaves; the ecstasy of the birds; and my precious violin trembles close to my heart, and mingles with this hymn of the dawn its song of youth and joy.

GIAN. (*aside*). O Sandro, Sandro! (*aloud*) Is it so beautiful?

FIL. (*taking violin from case*). Listen to one note only.

GIAN. I wish to hear more than that. Play for me.

FIL. (*aside*). Her voice is almost tender! Dear Heaven, does she wish me to succeed? (*aloud*) Do you really wish it?

GIAN. Indeed I do. (*aside*) It is the only way of learning the truth.

FIL. Listen then. (*he plays*; GIANNINA *listens anxiously, showing at once admiration and grief*; *finally she rests her arms on the table and puts her head down, weeping*) What, Giannina! you weeping? Have I made you weep?—I, who have made so many laugh with scorn? Is it not like a voice that sighs? O how how grand this art is that can make me, the despised hunchback, bring tears to your eyes! I am no longer the outcast of yesterday; I have won the right to lift my head with pride. You have wept, and I need no other glory. No honor will be so precious as these tears from your dear eyes.

GIAN. Stay! I must not deceive you. I understand your artist's pride; I share it with you, as I have your grief; but it is not that which makes me weep.

FIL. What then?

GIAN. It will give you pain, but you will pity me, I know, when I tell you that I too have dreamed of success for one that I love, and that all my happiness is destroyed by your success.

FIL. Ah!

GIAN. You see I did not know of your genius; you had kept it hidden from me; I thought you still a novice at your work. It was natural, was it not, for me to wish success for the man I loved? If I had known you had the greater talent, it would have been hard to know which to be gladdest for. I should have been prepared, and I would not have wept as I have to-day.

FIL. You love him?

GIAN. Yes.

FIL. Sandro?

GIAN. (*bows her head affirmatively*). He also hoped to succeed, for it would have united us. But you are my friend, my brother, and there is no bitterness in my sorrow. You deserve the prize. Forgive me; but my love was stronger than I. (*weeping*.)

FIL. (*laying violin on table*). Giannina, do not weep, I beg of you. Indeed I suffer as much as you do.

GIAN. How cruel I am! I had forgotten your trouble, and that your music is all you have to console you. It is over. I am no longer sorry; I would rather the glory should be yours. You are a great artist, and I love you. (*taking his hand*) See, I am crying no more. I wish you to have it. Look at me, I am smiling; (*sobbing*) but my love is stronger than I. [Exit, c. d.]

FIL. Well, it is ended. Everything has been said; she loves another, and why not? Shall I blame her? He is the lover she would dream of. And you, hunchback, have you never looked in the glass? Blind—blind and mad! She loves Sandro! What good will it do now to win the prize? I wanted to please her—to have her admire me, and I have succeeded in making her cry. I will not enter the contest; Sandro shall have the prize, and there will be no more tears. I will destroy my violin, and he will be the victor. (*picks up violin*) And you whom I have fashioned with such tender care, you must be broken too. (*stops suddenly*) What madness! Suppose some other than Sandro were to win? I could give—(*changing his tone entirely*) No; it is too much—the sacrifice is too great; and yet by renouncing my work and changing our violins in their cases, it could be easily done. The instruments look precisely alike. Sandro is not musician enough to distinguish between



his work and mine when they are tried, and afterward I could tell him. They are going at once to the judges; no one will open them again. She must not weep any more, poor little girl. Come, do it for her sake. (*changes the violins, putting his own in SANDRO's case*) It is done.

*Enter* FERRARI, C. D.

FER. Come, Sandro, Filippo, it is nearly time. Not ready yet?

*Enter* SANDRO, R. D.

SAND. Yes, quite.

FIL. And our violins too.

FER. I hope, my boys, that one of you will win, and do credit to your master. The rest may rosin and scrape, but I am pretty sure the prize is ours. I have just come in, and the people are going in crowds to where the judges meet. You actually breathe music in the street. From every dark corner and gable you hear the groaning of strings. Cremona, with this medley of sounds, seems like an orchestra before the curtain rises.

FIL. And it is time for you to be off, for the curtain will soon be up.

SAND. Will you follow us, Filippo?

FIL. No; you know how they mock me when I go out. Be a noble adversary and carry my violin with yours; you were not in earnest just now, were you, comrade? Do me this little service.

SAND. Very well.

FIL. Thank you. (*exit* SANDRO, L. D. *To* FERRARI) Are you not going to see them crown his work?

FER. Yes; but he has not won the prize yet. You have as good a chance as he.

FIL. I have no chance.

FER. Come, you think too little of yourself. If you are not as straight as a steeple, you do good work, and that is what will win the prize.

[*Exit*, L. D.]

FIL. I need all my courage.

*Enter* GIANNINA, C. D.

Giannina not gone yet!

GIAN. Filippo, I have just come from the church. I went—forgive me, my heart was so full—I went to pray that Sandro still might be successful; but kneeling before Saint Cecelia, I felt that one cannot ask God to be unjust; and I made a vow that whatever comes to be always the same to you. Forgive me, do you not? (*he kisses her hand, and she goes out*, R. D.)

FIL. How she loves him! Had I been strong and handsome she would have loved me.

*Enter* SANDRO, L. D., *hurriedly, in great trouble.*

SAND. Filippo! Filippo!

FIL. What is the matter? Your face is white; what has happened?

SAND. It was infamous of me; forgive me, forgive me!

FIL. I forgive you, my friend? For what?

SAND. You see I loved her so much. I was beside myself; I could not bear to be outdone by a rival before her. When I had your violin in my hand, the temptation came to me. Frantic with grief and rage, I yielded, and in the shadow of a neighboring doorway I changed our violins in their cases.

FIL. You—

SAND. I carried them so to the judges, but at the moment the expert opened the cases I fled. Revenge yourself; tell them all what I have done; but if they should not believe you, I will write it, and then I will go away and die; for the shame will kill me, and I cannot stay when she knows.

FIL. I have had no need of revenge. You have brought your punishment upon yourself.

SAND. What do you mean?

FIL. The glory of my work I yielded to you, and you have given it back to me.

SAND. How could you?

FIL. I had already changed the violins, putting mine in your case.

SAND. I cannot seem to understand. Why did you do it?

FIL. Because I adored Giannina, and because it is you she loves. If I have ought to quarrel with you for, it is that you have undone all that I did for her sake.

SAND. No; I have committed a crime, and I must bear the punishment. Say one word and I will go and never return; and if Giannina forgets me when I give her up, you can make her love you; you alone are worthy. I will go—I must go.

FIL. Stay—obey me! (*hurras and shouts of victory without.*)

*Enter FERRARI, C. D., lifting his hands as if in blessing when he sees FILIPPO. He is followed by the whole guild of violin makers, and by two pages dressed in the colors of the city, one carrying on a cushion the gold chain; the other FILIPPO's violin, ornamented with ribbons and flowers. GIANNINA enters R. D.*

FER. (*to FILIPPO*). Come to my arms! You are king! master of the violin makers! Before all I want to keep my promise at once to the victor. My son, my successor, come to my heart. But first—I had almost forgotten the golden chain. (*takes chain and advances to FILIPPO, who takes it from him and puts it around GIANNINA'S neck.*)

FIL. It gives me joy to have it that I may give it to Giannina, praying her to keep it as a favorite jewel when she is the wife of Sandro.

GIAN. Dear Filippo!

SAND. My brother, you are too good to me!

FER. Stop! Have you taken a vow not to marry, that you give up your chain like this?

FIL. No, good master, no; but I am going away to carry your renown through Italy. I have had a dream, but that is over, and I shall be happy if you will but regret my going. (*turning to GIANNINA*) And as the days go on, and near your loved one, you help him at his work, if—as at times it happens—a string you are holding snaps with a plaintive sound, think then how in this hard farewell I have felt my poor heart break. You are helpless, I know, to make it different, but do not regret that I have loved you.

FER. Ingrate! Do you want my house to be ruined?

FIL. Sandro will not leave you.

FER. This is a wild fancy. You give up fortune and happiness; what have you left?

FIL. (*taking violin*). This only; but it shall console me.

CURTAIN.

# SECOND-STORY PEGGY

COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By Katharine Kavanaugh

*Author of "Watch My Smoke," "Betty, The Girl of My Heart,"  
"Oh, Susan," "The Porch Climber," etc.*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(in the order in which they appear)

MRS. DELANCEY, a woman of few words.

BILLY DURAND, her star boarder.

DAISY, a little smarter than she looks.

MURPHY, the cop on the beat.

HELEN HENDERSON, more fickle than faithful.

KENNETH STERLING, the lucky man (?)

PEGGY, wanted by the police.

DEXTER, a detective.

NOAH PERKINS, fresh as a country egg.

Plays about two hours and a half. Costumes modern. Two interior scenes. Clever and humorous dialogue. Well delineated characters. Compact and logical construction. A story of modern romance, set in the environment of every-day life. Suited for every kind of an audience. Highly recommended.

Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.

Price, 50 cents.

Address all orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# BURLEY'S RANCH

## A DRAMA OF THE WESTERN PLAINS IN THREE ACTS

By Anthony E. Wills

Plays about three hours. Same plain interior scene for the three acts. Border costumes of 1886.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

JIM BURLEY, owner of a cattle ranch. Western character.  
STEVE TUTTLE, a broncho buster. Straight lead.  
GENERAL BLANCHARD, commander Fort Macon. Old man.  
LIEUT. ROBERT THURSTON, of his staff. Heavy.  
WILLIE WARREN, a reporter. Juvenile.  
McCLINCHY, a ranch owner. Western type.  
So LONG, a coolie. Chinaman.  
JOSE ROTARO, a vaquero. Mexican.  
ROAMING BEAR, chief of the Ute tribe. Indian.  
BLACK EAGLE, an Ute Indian. Indian.  
MARGARET BURLEY, daughter of Jim. Straight lead.  
MIRA WIGGS, a "Western Wild-flower." Ingenue-soubrette.  
WAKITA, daughter of the chief. Indian.  
URIAH BURLEY, Jim's wife. Old woman.

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

The action of the drama occurs on the Burley Ranch, situated near Snake River about sixty miles from Fort Macon, a military post, in the southern part of Colorado, the latter part of 1886.

ACT I. Interior of the ranch house. October 30th. "Arrival of the peacemakers."

ACT II. Same as before. Next day. "The council of war."

ACT III. Same scene. A week later. November 7th. "The pitch of battle."

This stirring drama is highly commended as most effective, but easy to produce. The characters are ranchmen, military officers, Indians, a Mexican, a Chinaman, and other picturesque types.

Price, 35 cents.

Royalty \$5 for each amateur performance.

Address all orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# TREASURE ISLAND

A DRAMATIZATION IN FIVE ACTS OF ROBERT  
LOUIS STEVENSON'S NOVEL

By Beulah Chamberlain

Fourteen male, one female (which may be taken by a man) characters. Three scenes. Costumes, sailors' and those of today. Miss Chamberlain has dramatized the novel in a masterly manner, has given a dramatic version that is powerful, thrilling, sensational and romantic. Readers, clubs, schools as well as dramatic companies will find this a drawing and satisfactory drama to use. **Price, 50 cents.**

Royalty for amateur performance \$10.

Address all orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# THE UNION DEPOT

An entertainment in one act for forty speaking characters and many more people may be added. Helen Gaylor, Luzetta R. Sanders and Cora A. Sanders are the authors. It plays an entire evening. Churches, clubs, schools all find it a good money-getter, next to "The Deestrick Skule" it is the best. If you have given "The Skule," try "The Union Depot."

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. SPRIGGINS, who takes her "bus" at home.

MRS. MARTHA KETCHUM, who has lost her best umbrel.

MISS JERUSHA KETCHUM, her daughter.

BILL BUNCH, who hates Sunday School.

STATION MASTER, who regulates everything.

EZRA PITKIN, who holds on to his trunk.

MRS. CHATTERTON, who interviews everyone.

REV. S. R. VISAGE, who knows that in the midst of life we are in death, and

MANY OTHER WONDERFUL PARTS.

The one scene is a waiting room in a railway station.

Royalty for each amateur performance is five dollars.

Price, 35 cents.

Address all orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 50 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the **best make-up book** ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

## CONTENTS

Chapter I. General Remarks.

Chapter II. Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.

Chapter III. The Make-up Box. Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.

Chapter V. Remarks to Ladies. Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. Juveniles. Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men. Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. Comedy and Character Make-ups. Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. The Human Features. The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.

Chapter XI. Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows. Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics. North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# PLAYS

## And Entertainment Books.

**W**E keep in stock the most complete line of plays and entertainment books in the United States.

We can supply any play or book in print. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each piece, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty or for a small royalty.

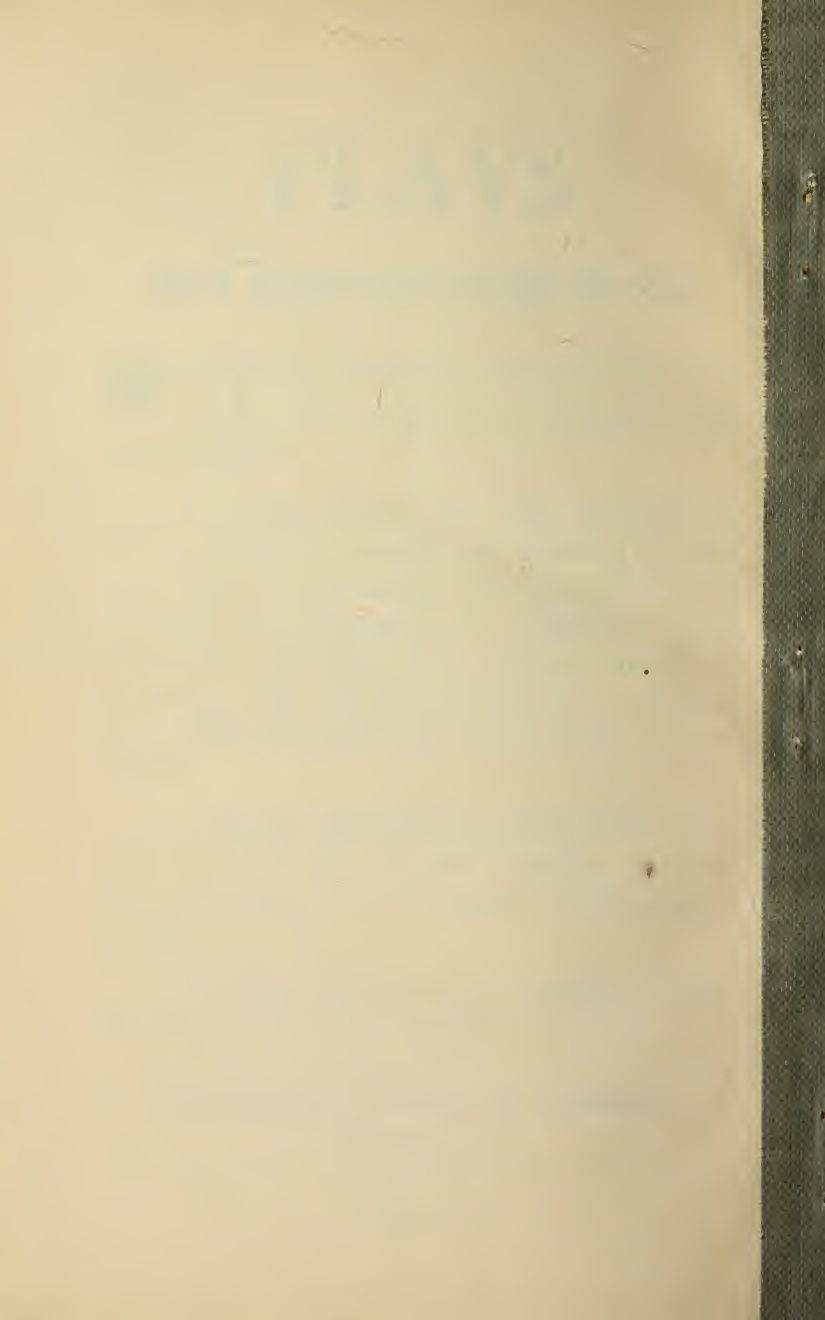
Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue or stock.

**The Dramatic Publishing Company**

**CHICAGO**









UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 070533093